CHESS RECLAIMS A DEVOTEE

BY ALFRED KREYMBORG

RECENTLY, after an absence of nearly twenty years from the chess world, I returned to the game of my first love, and may now be seen at the Manhattan Chess Club, along with many another ex-expert, college champion or duffer, puffing away at a pipe, stogie or cigarette, and shoving or banging white or black figures through a dreamy atmosphere, the while onlookers or kibitzers indulge in gratuitous comments at the expense of the losing players.

No game of chess in the old days had the least zest unless it was encircled by spectators infinitely wiser than the unhappy combatants; and for some time after my retirement from action I sat with the kibitzers and vied with the ancient fraternity in showing a defeated player, much against his will, how he could have won a lost game. The fraternity is open to any tyro with the requisite impudence for loosing his tongue in the face of the masters themselves; and the post-mortem is usually opened with some expletive such as *Potzer! Pfuscher! Nebich!* Ultimately, I drifted away from the game altogether. It had savagely reduced my energies, lost its nocturnal fascination and never earned for me more than a few dollars a week—my sole livelihood for a number of years. All in all, the mad, intricate, logical, ferociously difficult combat had subjected me to too many heartbreaks.

I played my game as most other men played theirs: with passionate intensity. To the ignorant outside world, two men over a chessboard look like a pair of dummies. And yet, inside the pale automata, dynamos pound incessantly. Here is nothing less than a silent duel between two human engines using and abusing all the faculties of the mind—the will, the imagination, logic, memory, caution, cunning, daring, foresight, hindsight, perspective, detail, unity and courage—in an effort to outwit, corner and demolish the not-less-than-hateful opponent. It is warfare in the most mysterious jungles of the human character. Chess has also its lighter, jocular, outrageously funny aspects; but first I wish to revert to its tragedies; and anyone who has ever participated in tournaments will know at once what I mean.

Those in which I took part from boyhood on—I made my début at eleven—were absolute nightmares. In my last tournament—a national contest won by Frank Marshall, with José Capablanca half a game behind—I lost nine pounds over a simple oversight I committed in a game against Chajes—then the Western champion and an East Side idol. I broke down near the close of a combination some seventeen or eighteen moves deep with all the pieces on the board, excepting a pawn or two on each side. To my king's pawn opening—a pawn which has given way to the queen's in present-day chess—Chajes retorted with the Sicilian defense: a delightfully risky game involving both players in counter-attacks from the outset. Counter-attack, the basis of chess of the classical or romantic era, gave way, about twenty years ago, to the growing inroads of safety first, conservatism and science—a movement ushered in by queen's pawn openings, a movement we'll come to later. At the moment, I must once more relieve myself of that everlasting bugaboo: the

game with Chajes. Before I plunged into the mazes of the combination, I spent about fifty minutes working out in advance all the possible ramifications involving both sides of the board.

I have to explain to the layman that tournament games must be conducted with time-clocks in order to force the combatants to move at reasonable intervals. Time-clocks had to be invented against old-time players who won their games through a preponderance of *Sitzfleisch*—or as my old friend, Dr. Siff, used to say: "What you need for chess isn't brains, but buttocks." During the classical era, a man with a lost position could wear down his opponent by sitting like Buddha and refusing to move—except once every hour or two. Staunton, the old British champion, won many a lost game in that fashion.

Time-clocks were the only means of keeping such devils within gentlemanly bounds, and, in the course of events, all tournaments, international, national or local, were conducted with the little double clocks ticking in accordance with which player's turn it was to move. World championships and international contests are run at the rate of fifteen moves an hour; contests of lesser importance at the rate of twenty: a fairly fast rate for players congenitally slow. I was one of these, and the tournament in question was run at the twenty-move rate. I now look upon that oversight of mine as the luckiest break in my whole existence. But at the time it was an overpowering tragedy.

Having spent fifty minutes on the first move of the combination, I would have only ten minutes to make my next nineteen moves. This, however, was a safe matter: I knew the combination by heart and, one by one, Chajes was making the anticipated moves. But I was deeply excited. Each time he made his next move and I made mine, I got up from the table and flitted about the room. My state was intensified by the interest in our game shown by the other contestants. Whenever they were free to leave their tables, they came over and followed the course of the combination—Capa and Marshall no less than the others. No one spoke to anybody else, but I could see experts nudge each other and eye me amazedly.

The whole thing went to my head. For years and years, I'd had a consuming chess ambition to rise by degrees to the New York State championship, the American and finally, nothing less than the world crown—then held by Emanuel Lasker. A year or two before, I had tied with Capa for the State championship and only lost the play-off after a long, heartrending end-game in which a mere tempo defeated me. Had it been his move, we would have drawn, but since it was mine I lost: the result, I swore, of defending the damned queen's pawn opening. Here was young Capa again; "fools" were already predicting he was destined to defeat Dr. Lasker. And here was Marshall, the American champion—and here was I, after having drawn an uphill battle, with two pawns down, against Hodges, a former American champion—and having won a game against the tantalizing Rice Club champion, Tenenwurzel. En route to victory over Chajes—the dark horse of the tournament—I would close the third round in the lead—providing I made my moves by heart. Veteran that I was at twenty-five, how could I possibly go wrong?

But I did. The general excitement was too much for my nerves. My hand began shaking with each successive move. The silence, above all, was unendurable. If I could have spoken to someone or someone could have spoken to me—but no. Chess contestants are pledged to non-communication as if they were prisoners under sentence for committing egregious crimes.

I shoved my pieces mechanically. The time-clock dangers were reduced. My opponent, beginning to detect the outcome of the combination, moved with increasing deliberation. But no matter how he pondered, he still had to make the moves I had figured on, once he'd entered the trap. They were the best at his disposal. By the time

we neared the close of the combination, all the unengaged players were seated about the table, surrounded by practically all the spectators in the long, gray room. Capa and Marshall had been forgotten. I was the centre of the chess world and I paced up and down outside the dark ring, a prey to frenzied emotions. After Chajes made his sixteenth move, I would only have to make my seventeenth and he his seventeenth. Then my eighteenth, the *coup de grâce*, would force him to resign.

I kept looking at the ring for a sign that the East Side veteran had made his sixteenth move. The sign came. A number of men looked my way and respectfully opened a path. Capa was one of the men who stepped aside. I could see him smile a little. I don't quite recall what followed. I was in a tingling haze and through the haze I saw that Chajes had made the necessary move. He shook his stoical head as he made it. I haven't the slightest idea why I didn't sit down and deliberate before making my penultimate move. I remember looking at my clock: I had ample time. But I didn't take it. Nor did I sit down. Exultantly, I made the move leaning over the table and then sat down. And then—to my frozen horror—I saw I had made, not my seventeenth, but my eighteenth move! I had transposed the moves and blundered outright!

A few moves later I resigned. Instead of an immortal game, a game for chess history—as Marshall assured me later—I had blundered like a tyro. An infinitesimal aberration cost me the game, my chances in the tournament and my whole chess career. Throughout the remaining rounds, people reverted to that strange oversight. They buttonholed me in off hours and again and again I had to explain how it had happened, from the first move to the last. And abed at night, each time I lost another game—I lost game after game—I rehearsed the cause of my collapse. Instead of finishing at the head or near the head of the contestants, I finished next to last.

But I had already reached a solemn determination. While sitting petrified in a chair which should have been a throne, and accepting Chajes' cordial condolence, I resolved to have done with chess tournaments, chess clubs and chess forever after. I lost nine pounds over that oversight. And thanks to a constant devotion to poetry, side by side with chess, there wasn't another pound I could afford to lose. I was about thirty pounds underweight and poorer than a sparrow. So I gave up chess for poetry. But that, as Mr. Kipling used to say, is another story.

II

Ultimately, I caught the serene view of the Chajes tragedy. Had I won the game, I would have been lured on to further victories and defeats, only to end in a chess master's grave—a dismal profession withal. The invincible Steinitz had fallen before the invincible Lasker, and Lasker before the invincible Capablanca, and Capa before the invincible Alekhine. Chess mastery—possibly like any other mastery—is a thing to keep away from. The people who usually enjoy chess are the dubs and duffers, experts who have resigned their ambitions and now play for pastime, and the fraternity of kibitzers.

One uncertain day, rather bored with the self-centred world of poetry and the self-centred world at large, I found myself in the neighborhood of the Manhattan Chess Club and, being able to "resist anything but temptation," I dropped in. I was greeted with a delight I could not have received anywhere else on earth. And here, scarcely a day older than when I had last beheld them, were some of the friendly enemies of my youth: Rosen, Rosenthal, Meyer, Warburg, Beihoff, Tener—not a Gentile in sight. In chess, the Rosens bloom on and on. In the old days, over on Second avenue, the crack players numbered Rosen, Rosenbaum, Rosenfeld, Rosenthal, Rosenzweig—the last truly a twig compared with the others.

I had done well to give up tournament

chess, but nothing less than an idiotic whim had forced me to desert my old friends. I cannot attempt to describe how their welcome stirred me. The affections are outmoded these days: sentiment has been gobbled down by the sciences and by dollars mounting on dollars. One has to be hard-boiled. But hard-boiled here? Impossible. The chess world anywhere is a world unto itself, and when a gang of dark Jews welcome a goy with unrestraint, there's nothing to do but enthuse. For nowhere else is the goy held in greater contempt. The man who dubbed chess Jewish athletics, dubbed it correctly. With rare exceptions, Jews have graced Caissa's throne for a century past. And what, over on Second avenue, did they used to call the insignificant pawn? A goy, a little goy! But even the Gentile rises to honors in time. Look at your Jewish Who's Who and you'll find me there. And why not? I bragged about that once too often and was hailed by a Jew: "Dirty climber!"

Well, I was at home again, more at home than ever before. No time-clock was in evidence; no tourney in progress. Safe from the past, was I safe from the present? What was going on here? What had happened to chess? "Pots—" Rosen ventured.

"What are pots?"

I was swiftly initiated. Pots is a game invented by a fellow named Calladay—"Cal, he's called—" by way of destroying serious chess. And who is this Cal? A third-class goy who's just as poor at this game as he was at the old game. But pots are now the rage all over the chess world.

I watched the marvelous invention. Three players take turns playing one another the while the odd or disengaged player acts as the referee calling time. He calls time, not at the rate of fifteen or twenty moves an hour, but at ten seconds a move! I never saw so many blunders in my life—it was delightful. And the best of players blundered—still more delightful. No wonder Cal had invented Pots. If a fellow didn't move on time, "Forfeit!" the referee called and took the place of the offender, who took the place of the referee. The stakes are always a quarter a game. They are called "union rates." And shades of Caissa, what a noise—noise of all things at a chess club! It was all most alluring.

We had played rapid-transit chess in the past, but never with such wholesale gusto. In the earlier days on the East Side, where chess could be seen at its best and grimiest, a man named Louis Hein invented a game called the Marathon, in which twenty, thirty or forty dynamos engaged in a round-robin the while Hein bellowed "Move!" That was also ten-second chess, but Marathons used to drag on for hours, and long sessions of any sort were precisely the torture most old-timers had begun to revolt against.

Before I knew where I was at, I was seated at one of these crazy tables—"Try it and see, you old duffer," I was challenged. Never a fast player, and long out of practise, I could barely see two moves ahead. Still worse, my lack of ambition undermined the will to win. I lost often and didn't mind losing. What had happened to me? I dropped in at the club again, merely to look on—and then to play, always to the friendly greeting, "you old duffer!" The name didn't nettle me. There were always old experts who recalled my former exploits to the youngsters who derided me. One day, I won a quick game from the Intercollegiate champion and the old-timers chortled. A large, grave gentleman, watching proceedings, remarked: "*Das war wie Eisen gespielt!*" The speaker was Alexander Alekhine. I thanked him and fled the table.

No one could rouse my ambition again, least of all the new world's champion. I'd sought the old haunt in pursuit of that momentary Nirvana which chess clubs afford to any profession: the law, medicine, music, commerce, religion or what not. I recalled a chess proverb: You can lose your wife one day and come here and forget her the next. Each of these men came here for relaxation, had always done so and always would. Best of all, these pots had buried

the cut and dried queen's pawn opening. Chess was irregular again, adventurous, delirious, novel, absurd, human. The mummies who formerly shoved pieces about were flesh and blood again. And the laughter I heard had not been heard in my world for years. The rude explosion was neither ironical nor cynical. It had nothing to do with modernity, psychology, reasoning. It was forthright. And no one laughed louder than the dubs.

Men who had rarely won a game before won many a game now, and won it from many a master. The master resigned with grace and then proceeded to trounce the potzer as the potzer had never been trounced before. Nothing pleased me more than the momentary rise of the duffers. Among my chess memories—or memories in general—none cling more tenaciously, or with more enduring affection, than those which shadow underdogs I have known. Here I have to revert again to the Second avenue of my youth and young manhood.

III

I was then the queer little shaver who earned his livelihood by playing anyone and everyone at so much a game at all hours of the day and night. One thing that attracted me to the East Side was the fact that most men earned their living in just the same way. Another thing—most of the men were older than I, much older, some of them patriarchs. Still another—they were cultivated. When we weren't playing or talking chess, we talked about music and books: I went to school over there. And I learned philosophy without calling it such. We had no abstract words for what we felt and thought. When we wearied of talk, "Let's have another game—" there was always that. And no one was so hard up that there wasn't someone worse off. I remember the proprietor of a chess café who let the addicts sleep on or under tables overnight. I remember a potzer too proud for such beds. If he lost instead of won, he'd sleep on park benches. None of us found that out till he died on one. Then we chipped in to save him from Potter's Field. A witty fellow he was; none wittier over there where wit is an essential weapon to losers.

I remember a game I played with a rabbi old enough to be my father's grandfather. He had a beard longer than the beard of Moses. He combed it with care and let it hang at ease over one corner of the board. It was too long to hang anywhere else. We were in the midst of an exciting game in the midst of an excited band of kibitzers. I noticed nothing at the time but the game itself. The old rascal had "swindled" me out of the first game: a legitimate swindle, a coffee-house trap. I vowed vengeance and dug myself into the table. The smoke was terrific—I didn't smoke in those days. The pieces we handled were heterogeneous: queens looked like bishops, bishops like pawns, and some of the knights had no heads. I was near-sighted, but I didn't mind. I'd got the hang of the pieces. And I'd got the hang of the position. But I didn't get the hang of the beard. I paid no attention to that.

The game was going my way. The rabbi was attacking on all sides, but I revelled in such tactics. I was always at my best building up walls against attacks, and then forcing a hole with a pawn, another pawn and then the counter-attack. The counter-attack was at work; it was working beautifully. The old fellow shook his head; so did the other old fellows. They began poking fun at him, unmerciful fun. "*Warte nur*," he said, but kept on retreating. "*Warte nur* yourself," I retorted, and went on advancing.

Suddenly, I detected a mate in three and cried, "Check!" He moved his king. Then I shouted, "Check again!" and he moved his king. Then I grabbed my queen, banged her down and crowed, "Checkmate, my friend!" The rabbi shook his head calmly. "Not yet, my friend," he replied, lifting his magnificent beard off the corner of the board. Out came a rook that removed my queen!

Then there was an old fellow named Ziegenschwarz who hated to win games that didn't end in checkmates. He took a sadistic delight in encouraging his victims to struggle on to the very end. He simply wouldn't let them resign. He'd even make bad moves to keep them going awhile longer, and chattered away in an effort to keep them cheerful. His favorite opponent was a melancholy soul named Levkowitz.

Levkowitz was an ideal loser: he not only lost as a rule, but he lost with a series of groans that deepened and lengthened with each hopeless move. One evening I watched the pair: Levkowitz looked not alone forlorn, but ill, very ill. He kept complaining about his *Magen*: he'd eaten some indigestible herring.

"There's nothing the matter with herring," Ziegenschwarz argued; "it's your game disagrees with you."

"I've got a lost game!"

"No, you haven't, move, you *Pfuscher*!"

Levkowitz made a lame move—"I've got a lost game, I resign."

"No, you don't—" and Ziegenschwarz made a weak move.

Levkowitz brightened a little, but suddenly scowled and moaned:

"I feel sick."

"No, you don't—move, *Dummkopf*!"

Levkowitz made a heroic effort, moved —and was sick in earnest. He tried to get up, but Ziegenschwarz wiped off the board with his sleeve, made a move and grabbed his victim's sleeve.

"I'm nearly mate."

"No you're not. Move, move!"

Levkowitz moved and was violently sick again. His tormentor wiped and moved with mad acceleration.

"I'm lost, lost," Levkowitz moaned.

"Move once more, just once more."

Levkowitz moved and staggered from the table.

"*Schachmatt!*" howled Ziegenschwarz without wiping the table and hustled after his friend: "Come, I'd better take you home."

IV

The crown prince of East Side chess was and still is Charles Jaffe. It is impossible to convey the weird type of game he used to play and the respect it won him among the cohorts along the avenue. If ever a man held court around a table, it was this very dark, slender, cigarette-smoking gypsy. The moment he arrived and sat down with some dub, most other tables were deserted. I venture to say that if Capa and Lasker had fought out their battles on the avenue and Jaffe and his dubs sat down nearby, the world warriors would have been deserted by the kibitzers.

Jaffe kept up a running fire of caustic badinage and could give amazing odds to the potzers. I never saw any high-class player give such odds and get away with them. The reverence in which he was held was mainly due to this faculty. He was a genius against weaker players. And they measured the rest of the chess world accordingly. If a better player than Jaffe (there were, of course, none better!) failed to win games at the odds the prince gave, he was treated with comparative contempt.

The ability to play coffee-house chess was one in which Jaffe surpassed any master. Coffee-house chess depends on an alert ingenuity in waylaying the opponent through subtle little traps or swindles. Usually the trap is baited with a sacrificial pawn no potzer can resist smelling and seizing. Were the pawn a consequential piece, the fellow would hesitate and look around. But the little goys overwhelm his appetite. It is almost an axiom that most games have been lost and won through hastily grabbing those innocent pawns.

Jaffe was a veritable devil in leaving them about and in keeping up an undercurrent of teasing cajollery, mock-heroics, encouragement, quips and puns. No wonder Second avenue held him in awe! And no wonder the avenue held the outside masters in comparative contempt! Even Lasker, king of the Jews and the whole chess

world, was held in doubt where Jaffe was concerned. As for the Gentile Capa, he was a duffer by comparison. "Jaffe could beat Capa blindfolded!"

Unhappily, once the crown prince left the avenue he was not so invulnerable. Invite him to a tournament among his peers, take away his magic banter and force him to face sound, scientific chess, and his traps proved of little avail. Traps were often his own undoing. What we call playing for position—a damnable modern invention—was something his valiant combinations couldn't penetrate. The extreme caution of modern chess wore down his temperamental inspirations. He belonged to the school of Paul Morphy, giant meteor of the romantic era.

Jaffe, in truth, should have been born among the Labordonnais and MacDonnells who never defended themselves, but went on attacking till the other fellow's attacks demolished them. Even inferior players, by playing book openings and developing "according to Hoyle," could defeat him by letting him defeat himself. Jaffe seldom disgraced himself in tournaments. He had the habit of defeating superiors and losing to inferiors which seems to be the outcome of taking chances. No matter how he fared, he was always defended by the cohorts.

I recall the international tournament in Europe he embarked on some years ago. He didn't have the fare abroad and had to raise it through subscription—so I was told at the time. Doubtless, most of it was raised east of Third avenue and south of Fourteenth street. Over on Second avenue, newspapers were scanned as they had never been scanned before, and there was only one daily event the readers turned to. I'm not in the mood for rehearsing those long days of silent gloom. Jaffe went abroad to show the *Schachmeister* what duffers they were and finished, not on top, nor anywhere near the top. When he returned, did the avenue upbraid him or drape itself in mourning? I went across town with that question in mind, ready to say what I could if necessary. I didn't have to say it. Jaffe was surrounded by a ring of laughing, gossiping kibitzers. Opposite him sat a time-honored potzer.

The potzer was eyeing and trying not to eye a terribly tempting pawn. I prayed to all the gods that the fellow would nab it. He didn't nab it. He hesitated, circled the board with his eyes and looked at everything but the little goy. The suspense was growing quite awful. It silenced the kibitzers. It silenced Jaffe himself. He looked rather drawn after the foreign débâcle. I wanted to shake hands with him, ring his arm off, slap his back, hug him—but I'd have to wait.

He was smoking away as usual. His side of the board was strewn with cigarette stubs, ashes and burnt matches. The famous lurking smile was absent. Confound that *Pfuscher*! Why didn't he relieve our suspense? All he'd lose would be a dime, and that pawn was worth a fortune to us. His glance no longer circled, but concentrated on one spot. The spot, confound him, was far removed from the pawn. Then he smiled slyly and lifted his left hand. Why did he lift that hand—he always moved with the other?

Then, praise Elohim, the hand closed round his queen and quietly clipped off the pawn. Jaffe smiled, lifted a knight and put it down ever so gently—forking the duffer's king, queen and two rooks. Hysteria rent the air. Jaffe raised his hand —"Wait, let him look!"

"I have to lose the exchange," sighed the duffer.

"Look again."

"I have to lose one of my rooks or the queen——"

"Look again."

"I'm in check—wait—I'll move my king—but wait—I don't want to lose my queen—why didn't you say check?"

"I didn't have to say check, potzer! Where are your ears? Didn't you hear me say mate?"

The hysteria revived. Pandemonium smote the table. "*Rinnsvieh, Nebich, Dummkopf, Schlemiel!*" the cohorts clamored. . . .

V

Well, here I am, here I am again, a ghost unashamed of his past. The game I now play is less than the shadow of the game I used to play. Fellows I formerly gave odds to, now play me even, or have the impudence to offer me odds. Worst of all, I'm no longer a hard loser; and if I leave a rook enprise in one game, I leave my queen in the next. *Sic transit etcetera!*

Luckily, I'm in first-class company. Other old-timers who sit down with me are not much better than I. Sometimes I pay them a quarter; sometimes they pay me—and we always play Pots. We open our sessions with a few plausible alibis. One man has a headache from trying to sell life-insurance policies; another looks weary from having done nothing all day, and the third—I mention actual cases—has read a rotten review of his latest poems.

Somehow, on the evening in question, the weary gentleman had won three pots in a row: an unheard of record for him. The life-insurance salesman—who is none other than George Beihoff—let it go at that and shrugged his shoulders. Throughout chess history, vanquished players are entitled to the immortal post-mortem: "I had a won game." The third time I sang the slogan, Anonymous—I have to call him that—shot back: "You had a won game, but I won it." We started to sputter and argue. Beihoff finally cut us short and turned on Anonymous: "Why shouldn't you beat us at chess? You've retired from business, you live on your income and your sex-life is over."

Without further ado, I rejoined the Manhattan Club in earnest. I entered my name for a life-membership. But there's a special clause in my application. It provides that if I'm ever caught starting anything remotely resembling a serious game, I'm to be expelled without trial by the board of governors.

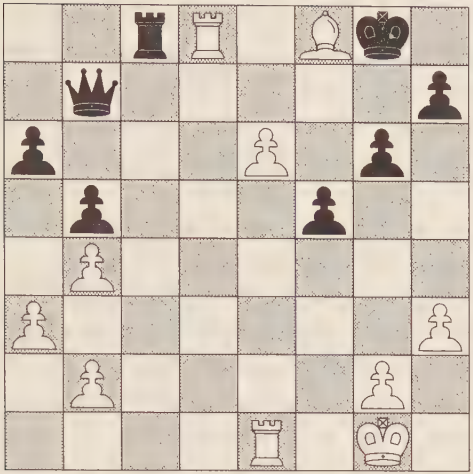
Comments by Burt Hochburg, in "The 64-Square Looking Glass"

Halfway across the world and half a century after Aleichem, another sort of Jewish life—one that exists eternally in the world's great metropolitan chess centers—is exuberantly painted by Alfred Kreymborg (1883–1966), an influential editor and poet, the author of forty books, and in his youth a professional chessplayer until he made one of the game's legendary blunders, following which he "gave up chess for poetry" and twenty years later went "home again" to the Manhattan Chess Club.

Here are the moves of the fateful game he describes (slightly inaccurately) in his memoir. It was played against Oscar Chajes in the New York National Masters' Tournament in 1911: 1 e4 c5 2 Nf3 Nc6 3 d4 exd4 4 Nxd4 Nf6 5 Nc3 d6 6 Be2 g6 7 Be3 Bg7 8 0-0 0-0 9 h3 Bd7 10 Qd2 a6 11 Nb3 b5 12 a3 Rc8 13 f4 Qc7 14 Rad1 Be6 15 Rfe1 Bxb3 16 cxb3 Na5 17 b4 Nc4 18 Bxc4 Qxc4 19 e5 dxe5 20 fxe5 Ne4 21 Nxe4 Qxe4 22 Bc5 Qb7 23 e6 f5 24 Qd7 Rc7 25 Bxe7 Ra8 26 Qd8+ Bf8 27 Bxf8 Rxd8 28 Rxd8 Rc8

See diagram.

29 e7?? (he should have played 29 Rxc8 first; now he has a lost position) 29 . . . Qb6+ 30 Kh1 Rxd8 31 exd8Q Qxd8 32 Bc5 g5 33 Rf1 f4 34 b3 Qd3 35 Rf3 Qb1+ 36 Kh2



Qc2 37 Be7 h6 38 Bc5 Kh7 39 Kg1 Kg6 40 a4 bxa4 41 bxa4 Qxa4 42 g3 Qd1+ 43 Rf1 Qd3 44 gxf4 Qg3+ 45 Kh1 Qxh3+ 46 Kg1 gxf4 47 Kf2 Kf5 48 Rg1 Qc3 49 Rh1 Qd2+ 50 Kg1 Qe1+ 51 Kg2 f3+, White resigned.